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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and warmer.

Indoor life to-day would be more than miserable for the woman with a new Easter bonnet.

Mr. Chandler's numerous explanations are so humorous that he who runs may laugh.

Tom Reed will find the New York law practice a great improvement on the law practice at Canton, Ohio.

If ex-Minister Phelps cares to investigate, he will find that all of the applause for his late utterances comes from the English galleries.

The Ohio Legislature has passed a bill abolishing the high theatre hat, but this does not necessarily mean the passing of the obnoxious hat.

The sheep fence that surrounds the lawns of City Hall Park remains intact, although no flocks of sheep or other wild animals have been seen in the vicinity during the week.

There is an apparent tendency upon the part of many organs of public opinion to make fish of McKinley and fowl of Reed. The silence of the former on all matters affecting the currency question is no more dense and determined than that of the latter, yet the Ohio man gets all the "roasting." Why not recognize the fact that both are politicians equally skilled in the useful if not admirable art of dodging a ticklish question?

The rule that a magistrate only may construe the law and inflict penalties for its violation does not sufficiently protect citizens if every police officer, clothed in a little brief authority, may put people under arrest and confine them over night upon his own construction of the law. The pleasure of [illegible] discharge in the morning does not wholly compensate for the mortification of spending the night in jail. Unless police officials can be given enough intelligence to insure that there will be no repetition of such arrests as that of Miss Besnard, or the wholesale raid on the Cooper Union Hotel, it might be well to keep magistrates on duty at night as well as by day.

The first action on the part of the members of the Booth family who are sent to take command of the Salvation Army in America is to prepare for naturalization. As the organization is military in form, and takes its orders from an English General, it would be interesting to know if these leaders when transferred to other posts shed nationality as readily as they assume it. Should Mr. Booth-Tucker, for instance, be transferred to Canada next month, as is possible under the system which he represents, would he renounce his Americanism and again assume the mantle of British nationality? It is not over-creditable to the cause of religion and philanthropy that the "dear America" dodge, so freely used by actresses and politicians, should be utilized by the itinerant evangelists who insist upon coming to this country to save the souls of our good-natured but ag-suffering population.

EASTER.

Perhaps better than any of the holidays which have grown out of religious observances Easter has retained its primal character. The significance of Christmas has been very largely obscured by the form of its celebration. In the thought of the gifts which have become the chief feature of the day, its churchly meaning is often forgotten. Upon Thanksgiving Day the football players have seized, and made it so wholly their own that the duty of giving thanks is overlooked in the breathless interest with which the American awaits the report of the prowess of the collegians and the bulletins of the killed and wounded. Easter is Easter still—a festival of the Church rather than a home festival, celebrated in the sanctuary and without other secular formality than the pleasing duty of all womankind to appear in new bonnets and in raiment which more nearly eclipses the lilies of the field than could Solomon in all his glory.

Easter is essentially an artistic holiday. In the churches the swelling anthems and the bright decorations enchant both ear and eye and elevate the spirit. Without the streets are gay with the best of all decorations—the American woman, robed in her Springtime finery. More than two hundred years Sir John Suckling found the "sun an Easter day" the finest thing rich to compare the bride whose he sung. And as the centuries passed the festivities of the day crown more and more picturesque with flowers and music, the things of Spring and the earliest robings of the American girl, they have reached the ultimate of all that is pleasing to the senses.

We have too few holidays in America to forego any, but Easter, almost least of all, could be spared.

With a persistency which is hard to understand, Mr. Boutelle manages to get promptly on the wrong side of every important question that comes up in Congress.

THE CASE OF ALBERT HALL.

Civilization is still imperfect when a man of good address, sober habits, intelligence and honesty, being reduced to penury by misfortune, can find no other way to secure food and shelter in the great, rich, charitable city of New York than to commit a theft and be sent to jail to herd with criminals.

Yet to draw from the unhappy case of Albert S. Hall the conclusion that society in this Christian community and in this age of humanity and refinement is indifferent to the fate of its members would be grave error. At no period in the world's history has the spirit of altruism been more widely diffused than to-day. Probably nowhere in the world is more thought taken for the destitute and distressed than in New York, more money spent in public and private charities, more quiet, unobtrusive individual work done for the relief of the needy. The world is not perfect, nor will it, perhaps, ever reach perfection, yet with all the evidences of man's inhumanity to man which still survive, despite the new problems which modern industrialism offers for the solution of a humane social organization, it is a better and kindlier world than ever before. To each generation the commandment "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" comes with greater force.

Could the case of this unfortunate man have been as widely known before his despairing commission of a petty crime as it is to-day, there would have been thousands of people ready to help him. Had his knowledge of the city and its charities been wider, he could have found more than one hospitable door open to receive him. Ignorance on both sides, rather than any cold indifference of society to him, and to others like him, was to blame for his pitiful plight.

Yet his case is but one of many which go to show how far the problem of charity is from solution. To extend the needed assistance, at the right moment and to the deserving only, is the great end sought. Means in all sufficiency may confidently be relied upon. The method of their employment only is in grave doubt. That sincere and able men are making of scientific charity methods a [illegible]ession, is in itself proof of the [illegible]ness of society's purpose to relieve distress whenever and wherever found. And the progress made in the systematization of charities justifies the prediction that before many decades have passed no man need suffer as Albert Hall suffered in New York save through his own fault.

As the advance agent of prosperity, McKinley is easily beating the other candidates in the way of lithographs and colored posters.

TIN PLATE AND TAXES.

For the purpose of developing the tin plate industry in the United States a protective tariff was laid upon Welsh tin plates. If this tariff would in fact accomplish the end sought, it would be cheerfully paid by Americans.

But now come the tin plate makers and complain that a pool, or trust, in process of formation by the steel manufacturers, portends an increase in the price of the black plates which are dipped in molten tin to form tin plate. Should this indeed result, they would be unable to compete with the Welsh manufacturers. Out of this menacing situation, they say, is one way only. An increase in the tariff commensurate with the increase in the cost of their raw material they think the only remedy.

But it is very clear that such a tariff would be in fact not a tax for the protection of the tin plate industry, but a tax for the benefit of the steel trust. Now, there are in the United States very many patriotic and intelligent citizens who believe in the theory of protecting American industry, but we do not think there are any who would assent to a tax for the benefit of a trust unless they happened to be stockholders in it.

So it will be wise for the tin plate manufacturers to seek another remedy for the ill that menaces them. Perhaps they might find it in the Federal statute known as the Anti-Trust law.

The anti-machine Republicans have thoroughly examined Commissioner Lyman and fail to detect any anti-Platt microbes.

TWO WEDDINGS.

One of the numerous princesses of the English reigning family—Princess Maud of Wales—is shortly to be married. Doubtless a very charming and estimable young woman, she holds important place in the public eye, not for her achievements, but for her birth. Much pomp and circumstance, however, is to mark her nuptials. The Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London and Winchester, will officiate. A gorgeous street procession will escort the bridal cortege to the Royal chapel in St. James' Palace, and the "crack" regiments in the British army will line the thoroughfares adjoining the palaces.

In New York this week a man who for four years held an office equal in dignity to and vastly surpassing in power the position of the reigning monarch of England will lead a bride to the altar. For Benjamin Harrison, ex-President of the United States, will be no pomp and circumstance, no archbishops, pageants nor military escort. His nuptials will differ in no wise from those of the ordinary well-to-do American. No citizens will be taxed to supply funds for pageantry at his wedding, nor to furnish him with a palace at public cost in which to pass the honeymoon.

To every nation, says the French proverb, its own manners. From the cis-Atlantic point of view the American manner of celebrating the wedding of a distinguished couple seems at once the more dignified and the more sensible.

The weather prognostications for to-day suggest that the Easter profits of the milliners and dressmakers will be shared by the doctors and undertakers.

A PROTEST AGAINST THEFT.

In refusing to allow himself to be swindled by the corporation which maintains the Broadway cable road, Mr. Eugene L. Lezinsky did the public a distinct service. If he will now prosecute vigorously a suit against the corporation for the damage he suffered in being ejected from the car and given over to the police, he will rank as a public benefactor. Men are all too prone to submit to the petty extortions of this corporation rather than suffer the annoyance which attends resistance.

The facts in the case may be briefly told. Mr. Lezinsky boarded a Broadway car and paid his fare. After proceeding for half a block the car stopped and remained blockaded for some time. Seeing cars switched from the other track and started in the direction he desired to go, the passenger determined to change to one of them. He was informed that he would have to pay a second fare, which, on reflection, he refused to do, suffering rather ejection from the car, arrest and incarceration in a station-house lock-up with criminals. Of course he was discharged by the Magistrate, who roundly scored the corporation and the conductor for their attempted extortion. Equally of course the corporation had one of its agents on hand to attempt to coerce the victim into compromise or settlement.

The case of this gentleman is one of thousands. It is almost to be regarded as typical. Enjoying an enormously valuable [illegible]nchise, first wrested from the people by corrupt methods, this corporation systematically practises extortion of the most irritating kind. It never fails to collect a fare, though it often fails to perform the service for which it has been paid. No fares are refunded if the service fails. A shopman who would keep the payment for goods which he failed to deliver would find his way into the criminal court. Not so a monopolistic corporation. It has "nobody to kick," nor to imprison, either. It can only be disciplined through its pocket, and it is to be hoped Mr. Lezinsky will make this one pay roundly for the assault it committed. The public has suffered too much at the hands of the cable road already. From petty theft to mayhem, and possibly manslaughter, it has run the gamut of crime.

Excise Commissioner Lyman is said to be suffering from severe abrasions caused by falling over himself in his haste to get down to Mr. Platt's office when the Tioga boss sent for him to receive his orders.

Mr. Platt, before leaving for a little much needed rest, told the reporters that everything would be straightened out at St. Louis in the best way for the party. He probably added, sotto voce, that the name of the party referred to was T. C. Platt.

Discussion of the need for tenement house reform, which received so great an impetus from the fatal fires of the last ten days, should not be allowed to die out until some really effective action has been taken for the protection of the great mass of dwellers in these buildings. We cannot burn human beings every week to stimulate discussion, as Charles Lamb's Chinaman burnt a house every time he wanted roast pig.

There is a hopelessness about the Presidential campaign waged by Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, which is humorous to the public and pathetic to his friends. His name was used in Minneapolis four years ago "in connection with the Vice-Presidency." That may have turned his head. He won the Republican nomination for the Governorship of Kentucky, which has usually gone to anybody who would accept it, at a time when dissensions among the Democrats assured the election of any Republican. That fired his ambition. He made an effort to be elected Senator from Kentucky, and prevented the election of any other candidate. Meantime he startled the country by massing troops at the capital to suppress Colonel "Jack" Chinn and disorganize Jo Blackburn's bellicose eloquence. Now he is announcing his candidacy for the Presidency by large posters, intended to counteract the effect of McKinley circulars which have been distributed throughout the State. William O'Connor Bradley may really imagine he is running for the Presidency, or perhaps, like Senator Quay, he only wants indorsement as a favorite son, and a delegation to trade for a Cabinet job or a mess of patronage.

Some Life Pages of Toothpick Davis.

"I used to know Toothpick Davis in '79," said the sporting editor. "He ran a faro game and general gambling house of what one might call the higher class. One day the paper gave Toothpick a 'roast;' fairly singed all the hide and hair off him. Toothpick felt disturbed about it, and thought he would go and whip the editor. He went down to the paper that afternoon, and, walking into the local room, demanded the name of the villain scribe who had assailed him.

"'I want to cut off his y'ear,' said Toothpick, 'and take it to Texas with me to show my chillern.'

"Toothpick Davis was a great giant of a man, over six feet tall, broad and burly as well. He looked very ferocious on this occasion, and at first blush no one seemed to be in a hurry to admit the authorship of the offensive article. Toothpick was glowering about in an ugly effort to pick the criminal by his looks.

"It chanced that a little red-headed Irishman, a very dwarfy, small Milesian indeed, named Ryan, had just gone to work on the local force. While Ryan was scarcely an inch over four feet tall, he had a heart in him as bold as a lion. He smarted, too, under the sense of his dwarfishness, and was eager for a chance to distinguish himself, and show that, though he might be limited of stature, he was as brave as Julius Caesar.

"Ryan hadn't written the Toothpick Davis memorial, but at this crisis he stepped forward as its author. No sooner had the ferocious Toothpick declared himself present for the purpose of acquiring the ear of his traducer than Ryan came promptly to the front.

"'I wrote the article,' savagely declared the small Ryan, facing Toothpick, who towered above him like a telegraph pole. 'I wrote the article, you double-story horse thief! What are you going to do about it?'

"'You wrote it?' said Toothpick, gazing down on the transgressor with a look of amazed contempt—'you wrote it?'

"'Yes, I wrote it,' declared Ryan, 'and if you've organized for one of my ears, wade in and get it.' Toothpick looked long at Ryan with an air of intelligent surprise. There seemed to be something ludicrous in it all. After wasting about two minutes in solemnly gazing at Ryan, he observed to himself, in a tone of soft thoughtfulness:

"'Well, I'll be d——d!'

"Toothpick had nothing further to say. Shaking his head as one who had been surprised beyond his programme, he walked away.

"'Why didn't you lay for him?' indignantly inquired a gambler friend to whom Toothpick told the adventure.

"'Mebby it was because he was only half my size,' said Toothpick; 'then again, mebby I was leary of him. You know a gun shoots just as hard for a little man as it does for a big one, which is one of the honest things about a gun. Mebby I was thinking of this when I quit him.'"

* * * * * *

"Out in New Mexico—for he finally took up his residence there—it was Toothpick's delight to run rigs on the sports, and set traps for them, and win their money when he hadn't a chance to lose. I have known him to weigh a bronco on the hay scales at Fort Craig, and then ride him back to San Marcial, and dexterously steer the question up to his weight, and finally make a bet that he could mark closer to the pony's weight than could the victim he was robbing.

"One Sunday morning in Tombstone, before many people were up, a couple of us happened to be looking out of the window of the Oriental saloon, and we noticed Toothpick stealthily measuring the only hitching post in town with a two-foot rule. It stood a little way up the street from where we were, and Toothpick carefully secured its exact height, marked it down on a piece of paper, and then, glacing about to make sure he was not observed, walked stealthily away.

"'Did you see that?' said Jack Ringo, who was with me. 'Now, don't you know, that old sure-thing sharp will come posterin' around before the week is out, and try to bet somebody about the height of that post?'

"I was perfectly aware that this was true, but laughed it off with the suggestion that there was no present danger of his catching either Ringo or me, since we'd seen him measure it.

"'Not only he don't catch me,' said Ringo, 'but I'm going to see how close I can come to downing him.'

"It was the next afternoon, when a crowd of us were standing in the Oriental, Ringo and Toothpick Davis among the others. The conversation was drifting aimlessly about when Toothpick suddenly launched into an energetic tribute to the accuracy of his eye. He said it was absolutely infallible in its measurement of objects. He could tell to the eighth of an inch the height or the dimensions of anything.

"'Now, there's that post out there,' said Toothpick; 'I'll bet any amount I can guess its height closer than any man in the house.'

"'Oh, I don't reckon,' said Ringo with a half sneer; 'that you've got sech hawk's eyes as you think, neither. Your eyes look like mighty ordinary eyes to me, and nothing sharp or accurate about 'em. I jest about figger I could come nearer telling how tall that post is than you could, if I wanted to.'

"'What will you bet?' eagerly demanded Toothpick.

"'Drinks for the house,' suggested Ringo.

"'Drinks, nothin'!' observed Toothpick, scornfully. 'I'll bet you the drinks an' any money you like besides that I can come nearer tellin' the height of that post than you can.'

"'Drinks and any amount of money I like?' repeated Ringo.

"'That's what I said,' retorted Toothpick.

"'All right,' said Ringo; 'I'll just bet you the drinks and $500 that I can mark nearer the height of that post than you can. So come up with your dust, or quit shootin' off your mouth about your eyes. They surely look like mighty measly eyes to me, and I just about think you're runnin' a bluff.'

"Toothpick objected that he only had about $400. However, he would wager that, and the man who won could pay for the drinks. After some jaunty chaffing Ringo put up the money, $400, and Toothpick covered it. Then each one marked the height on a piece of paper and put both pieces in the hands of the barkeeper. A committee of three measured the post. A comparison of the committee's measurement with the heights marked by the disputants showed Ringo to be exactly right, while Toothpick had overmarked the height by two inches.

"The fact was, the crafty Ringo had caused two niggers from the corral to come with mauls in the night and hammer the hitching post two inches deeper into the ground."

A. H. L.

"Lord Deliverus" and the Playfair Family.

London, March 28.—Nowhere has the lawsuit against the fashionable ladies' physician, Dr. Playfair, of London, excited more disagreeable surprise and dismay than among the reigning family, not alone of England, but also of Hesse, Roumania and Coburg. For Dr. Playfair holds the position of accoucheur to quite a number of royal households, and has brought so many children, granchildren and even great-grandchildren of Queen Victoria into the world that London Punch on one occasion suggested that he should be created a peer with the title of "Lord Deliverus." Occupying such a position of confidence and trust toward all these reigning houses as does the doctor, it is naturally exceedingly disagreeable to his illustrious patients to learn from the evidence produced in the lawsuit brought against him by Mrs. Kitson that he should be in the habit of communicating to his wife and to his other female relatives such professional secrets as may be acquired by him in the course of his medical duty. There has seldom been a more disgraceful or universally condemned betrayal of confidence than that perpetrated by Dr. Playfair, and the Prince of Wales, who always floats on the tide of popular sentiment, is likely to visit with dismissal the attitude of his own physician, Sir William Broadbent, in indorsing on the witness stand the behavior of Dr. Playfair.

While Dr. Playfair will certainly regret and bitterly rue the decline of his practice which is certain to result from the verdict rendered against him—an injury far exceeding in pecuniary value the damages of $60,000 awarded to poor Mrs. Kitson—yet he cannot but feel relieved by his dismissal from the post of physician-accoucheur to the reigning family. The latter is no bed of roses. It is one of such great responsibility that the presence of a Cabinet Minister at the birth is required by statute. The least thing that goes wrong leads, of course, to blame being thrown upon the doctor. Sir Richard Croft, the physician-accoucheur of Princess Charlotte of Great Britain, the only daughter of King George IV., committed suicide because he was held accountable for the death in childbirth of the Princess—a death that resulted in the succession of Queen Victoria to the throne of her uncle; and it is to the German accoucheurs who attended the first confinement of the now widowed Empress Frederick of Germany that Emperor William is indebted for his withered left arm. This was why, much to the disgust of German medicos, Emperor Frederick and his wife always insisted on the presence of English accoucheurs at the birth of their subsequent children.

Dr. Playfair, who received for his attendance at the last accouchment of the young Crown Princess of Roumania a fee of $12,000, a magnificently jewelled gold snuff box and the insignia of the Grand Officer of the Order of the Star of Roumania, is the brother of Lord Playfair, and also of Sir Robert Playfair, who as British Consul-General at Algiers is known to many American visitors to the north coast of Africa. The family, though of humble origin, is of very lofty association, its connection with the royal family of England dating back to forty years ago, when the present Lord Playfair, who is married to a [illegible] associated with Queen Victoria's husband in a number of the latter's schemes for the development of science and art. Lord Playfair subsequently acted as instructor and to a great extent supervised the education of the Prince of Wales and of his younger brother, the now reigning Duke of Coburg. Toward the latter part of the '50's the Prince Consort, who had a high opinion of Lord, or rather Professor, Playfair's learning and erudition, appointed him to the post of gentleman usher in the royal household. His term of active service in that particular capacity was, however, limited to one day's duration. Queen Victoria has always possessed a very keen sense of the ludicrous, and even to this day, in spite of her austere and grave appearance, is apt to go off into perfect fits of laughter on the slightest provocation. The sight of Professor Playfair, with his chubby cheeks, boyish appearance, stature of about five feet, with slightly deflected, extremely brief extremities decked out in silk stockings, and his inquisitive little eyes blinking at her through a pair of large spectacles, proved too much for Her Majesty, and she distinctly informed her husband that it would be impossible for her to maintain befitting gravity if so fuuny a little object were allowed to continue to take part in state ceremonies. An excuse was therefore found for shunting the learned Professor to another post, in which the display of limbs and elegance of figure were not a matter of such vital importance.

That the Queen felt some remorse for this has been shown by the very marked favor which she has displayed to the little man ever since. And she may be said to have entirely compensated him for her ridicule in 1860, when, some thirty years afterward, she created him a Peer on the nomination of his friend Mr. Gladstone, and appointed him to the position of a Lord-in-Waiting, an office which he held throughout the Liberal administration. He is particularly able as a financier, having inherited from his Scotch parents the national virtue of economy, pushed to such a degree that, on one occasion, when he had been elected to Parliament by the city of Edinburgh, he declined to pay the ridiculously small sum of $4,000, which was the sum total of his election expenses. There was no end of a scandal about it at the time, and Lord Playfair came in for much ridicule and even obloquy.

He has held the office of Postmaster-General, and of General Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons, and is the president of an immense number of financial enterprises, besides being the financial member of the Prince of Wales's council. Lady Playfair is his third wife, Lord Playfair, in spite of his absurd appearance, being a great ladies' man, each of his three wives having been women remarkable not only for their good looks, but also for their brilliancy and fortune.

A nephew of Lord Playfair, and a son of the doctor just mulcted in such heavy damages, is the actor, Arthur Playfair, who has filled a number of minor roles on the American stage, and who is at the present moment touring with a company in the South.

Quaker Ignorance.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

The latest candidate for the Vice-Presidency is Adjutant-General McAlpin, but please don't ask us who Adjutant-General McAlpin is.

How to Burr Letters.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Corresponding letters see him suggesting his nomination, it's only fair to suppose that Mr. Harrison burns them, using the torch of Hymen for the purpose.

The Czar's Stratagem And How It Worked.

Not even a bombshell exploding under the imperial throne could have startled St. Petersburg more than the proclamation bearing the signature of His Majesty the Czar of all the Russias, which was scattered broadcast through the capital early on Saturday morning and telegraphed in full to every court in Europe, creating everywhere an excitement similar to that which would have resulted from a formal declaration of war.

The proclamation was a long one and recited the grievances of the Russian people to which the attention of the Czar had been drawn, and which he now proposed to alleviate by a sudden coup. In short, he had determined to grant to his subjects everything that they clamored for in the way of political emancipation, and therefore he was graciously pleased to announce that on and after the Sunday following the date of issue of the proclamation the imperial establishment would be conducted on the American plan, and St. Petersburg would rejoice in the mild sway of rulers imported directly from the United States.

Late in the afternoon the chief one of the new rulers arrived and made a triumphal journey through the streets to the Winter Palace, greeted everywhere by the frenzied cheers of the citizens. It was observed that he wore long gray whiskers and no mustache—a form of hirsute adornment that had never been seen before in Russia.

Agents of the Imperial Government, disguised as common citizens, mingled with the crowd and explained to those about them that the chicken feathers and particles of straw which adorned the hair and beard of the imported monarch were insignia of his power, and that the carpet bag which he clasped firmly in his hands contained his sceptre and crown.

On Sunday morning the city was astir early, eager to fill its lungs with clear draughts of the blessed air of American freedom. All the Nihilist newspapers, which had been published previously in secrecy under the surface of the earth, issued special editions from above ground and congratulated their readers on the new dispensation that had come, as a result of their long-continued agitation. Each newspaper claimed exclusive credit for the change of government, and the Bomb Thrower went so far as to insinuate that the Dynamite had not only faltered in its allegiance to the cause of freedom, but had also a much smaller circulation and fewer columns of advertising than its more enterprising and successful contemporary.

Early in the morning Michael Milorodovitch, a worthy publican doing business on the Nevsky Prospect, opened his cafe and made ready to entertain his customers. His first caller was his friend and neighbor, Michael Strogoff, whom he served with a vodki cocktail as a bracer, but the drink had scarcely disappeared down his throat when two officers of the law appeared and dragged the astonished publican away to prison.

At about the same time an innkeeper doing business on the Chonny Brodsky Prospect was visited by a young lad of twelve, who purchased a quart of red wine to take home to his mother, as he explained, for the Sunday dinner. No sooner had the coin dropped into the till than the boy opened his jacket and displayed a tin badge on his suspender.

"I'm a member of the Juvenile Reform Band," said the youngster, "and I'll have to ask you to take a little walk with me."

The innkeeper demurred, but two officers of the law were called in, and, with the boy marching triumphantly ahead, escorted the vender of spirits to the halls of justice. He was released on bail and warned not to sell wine or liquor to anybody who did not at the same time order a complete dinner of five courses.

"But," cried the amazed boniface, "if a man is not hungry—only thirsty—must he order a dinner in order to quench his thirst?"

"Certainly," replied the Judge; "American law does not recognize the existence of thirst that is unaccompanied by hunger."

"But suppose a man desires a meal and is not thirsty, must I compel him to order vodki with his food?"

"Such a thing is not likely to occur under the American plan of government," replied the Judge, severely. "In America all men are thirsty, no matter whether they are hungry or not."

By 2 o'clock on the first afternoon of American liberty every place of refreshment and amusement in the city was closed, and the citizens found themselves, for the very first time in their lives, cut off from nearly every popular form of enjoyment.

Monday morning the Bomb-Thrower, Dynamite and other organs of public opinion, availing themselves of the freedom of the press which had been granted under the new rule, denounced with bitter invective the gentleman with long whiskers and no mustache who was responsible for so much annoyance to hard-working and reputable business men.

To the great surprise of the members of his immediate entourage the newly imported sovereign did not seem to care in the slightest degree for these attacks, but remarked, carelessly, that a single year in the Albany Legislature was enough to make any statesman indifferent to the slurs of the press. Then he wrote a proclamation, announcing that, in accordance with the most advanced theories of American liberty, as exemplified in the government of New York City by Cattaraugus County, any Russian found having any fun after 10 o'clock at night would be arrested and fined.

"Thank heaven for the liberty of the press!" cried the suffering people. "The newspapers will surely redress our wrongs."

But they did not know the stuff of which Albany lawmakers are made, and before the close of the week several of the leading men of the capital started with their families for Siberia, in order, as they explained, to spend the Summer in a country which was not yet given over completely to the shackles of liberty.

* * *

On Saturday morning a great procession of noblemen, commoners and others, including some of the most virulent Nihilists that ever plotted against the life of a sovereign, marched to the hotel in which the former Czar had been living quietly and happily since his abdication, and meekly craved an audience.

The Little Father, who happened to be whiling the happy hours away in a game of draw poker with a few of his intimates, received the deputation in his shirt sleeves and asked them what they wanted.

Then they fell on their knees before him and begged him to send the ruler with the feathered whiskers back to the strange land from which he had come and to return himself to the people, who would be glad to welcome him back and obey him.

And it is written in the history of the Russian capital that His Majesty was graciously pleased to grant their request, and that moment his people entered upon a new era of peace and contentment, wise in the knowledge that it is better to have fun than liberty.

JAMES L. FORD.

European Notes of World-Wide Interest.

Paris, March 28.—"Where did Franklin place the first lightning conductor ever used in France?" is now the question round which discussion is raging in the Paris press. Not a very exhilarating topic, possibly, but it serves to interest antiquarians. Hitherto the Historical Society of Passy and Auteuil has carried everything before it by asserting that this conductor was erected on a house at the corner of Rue Raynouardand Rue Singer, in which Franklin lived from 1777 to 1785. The members have even affixed a plate upon the building to record this fact. Now a rival is in the field, it being asserted that Franklin selected for the honor the chateau of Beausejour, formerly inhabited by Le Pere Lachaise, but now destroyed, having given way to the newer structures with which Passy abounds. The authority for this, M. Pascal, asserts that an English collector purchased the actual conductor. Neither side is willing to give way, though both sides glory in the fact that at least Passy is certain of the honor of being the scene of Franklin's great exploit. Meantime the battle goes on.

Sardou has just performed a singularly graceful little act in connection with the production of his "Thermidor" at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre. Hitherto the concierge scene has contained two or three somewhat coarse expressions placed in the mouths of the citoyennes with respect to the supposed maternity of Fabrienne, the young religieuse. This was all that could offend, but it was enough to bar the presence of all well-bred Paris maidens who were carefully chaperoned and who, on expressing a desire to hear Coquelin, were always told that the piece was "not for young girls." At last several of these grieving demoiselles, belonging to the best Parisian society, wrote graceful and simple little note to the great actor asking that the offending lines might be excised so as to render the piece entirely suitable for young girls. The dramatist, amused, yielded to the request of the intermediary Coquelin, removing the lines, and now the theatre is nightly filled with fresh young faces. Few dramatists in Paris would have done as much.

Wagner's great tetralogy, "The Nibelungen Ring," is, as is well known, the intellectual treat to be afforded enthusiasts this year at Bayreuth. The work has not been produced in the theatre at this place since 1878, this being, of course, due to the cost of mounting and the difficulty of obtaining a really fine cast. Now, however, an incomparably fine representation is to be given. M. Charles Joly, the musical critic of the Figaro, cites one instance of the novel scenic effects which may be expected. The famous ride of the Welkuren will be represented by young horsewomen mounted on trained horses, which will race at full speed across the back of the stage, on which will be laid a thick rubber carpet. The horses' shoes will be coated with rubber, so that the warrior nymphs will seem to all but fly through a downy mass of clouds, and without creating the slightest noise. The artists have been most carefully selected. Frau Lilli Lehmann will be the Brunhilde, Frau Sucher Sieglinde, Frau Brema, Fricka, and Frau Helnck-Schumann, Erda, while the three daughters of the Rhine will be Frauen Arthur, Fromted and Meyer. All have an established Wagnerian repute in Germany. The role of Wotan will be treated [illegible] Herr Perron, of the Dresden opera. Siegfried and Mime will be respectively represented by Herren Burgstaller and Bremer, both of the Bayreuth Conservatoire. Herr Gerhauser will sing Siegmund. The other male singers will be Greugg, Hagen, Friedrichs, the well-known basso; Alberich, Vogel and Loge, the latter being considered the one weak figure in the cast. Rehearsals begin early in June and full dress rehearsals on June 15, while the first series of the tetralogy will be given on Sunday, July 19, and the three following days, the other four series being given on the same days of the four following weeks. Herren Richter and Mottl, the two celebrated conductors, of Vienna and Carlsruhe, respectively, will take the rehearsals, and each in turn will conduct an entire cycle.

Herr Goldmark, the Austrian composer, has not hitherto achieved popularity with the masses or been known as a writer of light or joyous humor. Whoever loves music will admit that "The Queen of Sheba" and "Merlin, the Magician," are in the main of heavy character. But now he comes forward with a buoyant, humorous, spirited composition called "Das Heimchen am Herd" (German for the title of Charles Dickens's story of "The Cricket on the Hearth"). Goldmark has changed the tale into an open-airish, summertime love story, in which the cricket changes into a fairy who showers the blessings of happiness and success all around her. The first performance took place at the Imperial Opera House March 21. The libretto is very artistic and pleasing, the staging of the opera is superb, abounding with beautiful scenes, and the critics find the score semi-old style and demi-Wagnerian, but full of gay spirit and fun and enduring, catching melodies. Goldmark was called for again and again, and so were Herr Jahn, the director; Fraulein Renard, Foster and Abendroth, and Herren Ritter, Schroetter and Reichenberg.

JULIAN RALPH.

The Argonaut.

[New York Home Journal.]

Forth from thy wharves, city of greed and rancor,
Of pride and wrath,
I set the sail and slip the rusted anchor
For the pathless path.

I know the bearings of the land Forever
Beyond your sleep;
There is a harbor for the barque Endeavor
Across the deep.

There, in the haven that my soul awaited,
I'll disembark,
With the rich cargo that these shores have freighted
To sail the dark.

VIROR.

THE JESTERS' CHORUS.

Practical.

"Practical? Yes, indeed. Our educational methods aim primarily at the practical. We shall next hear the senior class in mental science, which is finishing the more abstruse courses with the study of the railway time table." Detroit News-Tribune.

Nearly Correct.

"Mr. Perkins, what is your idea of culture?"

"Well, Mrs. Perkins, it is letting new neighbors move in without looking to see what kind of furniture they have." Chicago Record.

Unhandsome Trick.

In the dead of the night Mr. Billus heard a faint scream.

"Maria," he said, rousing himself, "I forgot to tell you I was carrying my money in one of those trick pocketbooks that run a pin in your thumb when you try to open them. Press on the left side just below the clasp." Chicago Tribune.

A Great Idea.

If boys must have a motive before they can be induced to work, get them to rake up the rubbish in the yard, stuff it in a pair of old pants, anoint it the King of Spain and burn it. Any way to get rid of the rubbish. Atchison Globe.